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Living Under Tension

SERMON BY HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

THE mystery of a ship at sea keeping its course day and night through all weathers lies in the fact that it moves in two worlds. On the one side is the ship itself, the sea it rides upon, the storms that beat upon it, the fogs that encompass it, and all the seen universe that surrounds it. But another world is there, invisible, intangible, playing with unseen magnetic fingers on the ship's compass. That is so strange a realm that for ages man did not dream that it was there at all, but now the ship keeps its course by means of it, an unseen magnetic world that guides the mariner even through night and fog and storm.

Human life is like that! We live in two worlds. Sometimes we call this bifurcation "body" and "spirit"—the one material, physical, visible, the other immaterial, invisible, intangible. Like some animals of the sea, whales and seals, that, though their habitat is the water, have another need, and must from time to time come up to breathe the air, so are we. Immersed in the flesh, yet we cannot live by flesh alone but must rise into this other realm of spirit, with its faiths, its ideals, its visions of beauty and right. Here is the mystery of human nature, as of a ship, that it lives in two worlds.

Even in ordinary times the profoundest problems of our lives center in this fact, but in days like these how tragic are the tensions between these two realms! Here in this immediate, factual world we see such catastrophe and brutality as will make our generation rememberable for its horror many a century from now. And yet we inhabit as well a spiritual world, with intellectual insights, with ideals of beauty and loveliness, with faiths and friendships, and with aspirations that lay hold on God and goodness. My soul, if we could only live all in one world or all in the other, we might have peace, but what tension is involved in having to live in both!

This was the problem, you recall, in Stevenson's story of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.* Henry Jekyll could not endure the tug of war between his lower and his higher self, and he dreamed of a solution. If only some of the time he could live altogether in his lower world as Mr. Hyde, with no disturbing intimations of a higher life, and if the rest of the time he could live altogether in his higher realm as Dr. Jekyll, with no solicitations from the lower self, then he might have peace. So he discovered the drug that thus would separate his two selves. Recall his own words: "If each, I told myself, could but be housed in separate identities, life would be relieved of all that was unbearable; the unjust might go his way, delivered from the aspirations and remorse of his more upright twin; and the just could walk steadfastly and securely on his upward path . . . no longer exposed to disgrace and penitence." Who here does not understand Henry Jekyll's problem? But no subtle drug can thus avail to separate us into our component

parts. We are doomed to the tension of living in two worlds at once.

In particular, we Christians must feel this today. This present world, war-torn and terrible, denies everything that Christ taught and stood for. Cruel and brutal, so that we can hardly credit, though we see it, its insane iniquity, it is, as it were, an incarnate anti-Christ; and in this world, part and parcel of its grim necessities, we must live. Yet, we are Christians, too. Not altogether in vain did Jesus teach in Galilee and die on Calvary. We have seen in him and in some who have resembled him visions of a way of life—lovely, elevating, challenging—that found in us response, so that the best in us has risen up to follow him. If we could only live in one world or the other, all anti-Christian or all Christian, then the tension would cease, but doomed to live in both worlds at once, no wonder we are bewildered and confused.

One book in the New Testament from beginning to end is concerned with this problem—The Epistle to the Hebrews. It is a difficult book to the modern reader, couched in the terms of its own time and puzzling to decode, but when one gets behind its ancient idiom to its pith of meaning it is as modern as the inner strain that each of us brought to church this morning. For it is all about two worlds, and how men of faith succeeded in living victoriously in both—two worlds, the actual and the possible, the visible and the invisible, the temporal and the eternal, the shaken and the unshakable. Here on the one side is the actual world where Abraham lived in Ur of the Chaldees, but here is the possible world too, his Promised Land, made real by faith until it became real indeed. Here is the visible world with all its evil, like the Egypt where Moses saw the slavery of his people; but we read, "he endured, as seeing him who is invisible," until that world unseen proved true. Here is the temporal world, where in the end change alters everything, but here is the eternal world also, where Jesus Christ is "the same, yesterday, to-day, and for ever." Here is the shaken world of turmoil and ruin, but here too is the world secure and inviolable, as we read, "the removing of those things that are shaken, . . . that those things which are not shaken may remain." Scholars say that this Epistle to the Hebrews goes back to Greek influence, to Plato's great vision of the two realms of matter and spirit. Yes, but it goes farther back than that; it goes back to the deeps of the human heart, and to the inevitable problem that each of us faces today: How shall we manage this daily task of living in two worlds?

Let us say, first of all, that we cannot succeed at this task by denying the reality of that higher world. In days like these how tempted we are to try that swift and cheap solution! It is as though the world came to us in two aspects, saying, In which will you believe? On the one side is this hideous war with the inhuman horror of all its accompanying circumstance; and on the other side is the loveliness of life, its music and friendship, its family love, its dedicated search for truth, its elevated character, humane service, and hopes of universal brotherhood. What a mad world that can present itself to us in two such contradictory aspects at the same time! And always this question rises: Which of the two aspects will you take for your criterion of truth, your test of reality, the central object

of your faith? Who does not know the subtle temptation in these days to relieve the tension between these two by sinking to the lower level, saying, The immediate, obsessing facts of this present world are real; nothing matters now except these; and all that higher world of faith, and hope, and love that once seemed real can wait? Friends, that is too easy and cheap a way to escape the tension.

Today is not the first time in history when mankind has faced a crisis such as this, and we have reason to be grateful for souls who in other dark eras kept alive in their devotion, despite the strain it cost, that higher world to which man could come back again when the mad days were over.

One of the best commencement addresses delivered last June was given at Lafayette College by Douglas Freeman, author of the great life of Robert E. Lee. He had been looking up the wars of the past to see what some people had done amid the horror of their days to keep the light of beauty and of goodness burning for the souls of men to return to. When did Wordsworth write some of his greatest poetry? When Napoleon was collecting at Boulogne the armada for his planned assault upon the English coast at Dover. When did Beethoven write the Fifth Symphony? The first year of the Peninsular War, with Napoleon's shadow dark over Europe. When did Beethoven finish that glorious Seventh Symphony? When Napoleon was assembling his army on the line of the Niemen River for his assault on Russia. Everybody knows John Keats' immortal sonnet, "On First Looking Into Chapman's Homer":

> Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
> When a new planet swims into his ken.

When did Keats write that? The summer that Waterloo was fought.

What am I pleading for—an ivory tower to escape to from the appalling facts? No! Such souls as these never found in this life an ivory tower of escape, but tension—terrific tension—between the brutal and the beautiful, the evil and the good, the actual and the possible, the temporal and the eternal; and they refused to escape that tension by surrendering the higher realm. They believed in that and kept it despite the strain it cost. And now, in retrospect, Napoleon is dead and gone, an irrelevant episode in history, he has been called, but Wordsworth and Beethoven and Keats are living still.

My fellow Christians, we need to say this to ourselves today. The temptation is powerful to become so obsessed with these urgent, brutal facts of the immediate world that faith in Christ and his way of living becomes like a lovely, inefficacious dream. But remember how that lovely dream itself started in the first place—in a world mastered by military empire and filled with the thundering tramp of Caesar's legions. There a little group of people, believing in a spiritual message, accepted the tension of living in two violently antagonistic worlds, Rome's and Christ's, and lo! it was they who in the end survived. Recall the phrase that Winston Churchill used about the Royal Air Force. Once in a while out of a war comes a perfect phrase, and that was one. Said Winston Churchill about the British airmen, "Never in the field of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few." Lift that phrase out of the dreadful setting of the war and apply it to the early Christians. They were very few, keeping faith in their spiritual gospel in a world that

seemed utterly to deny it. Strange, how it looks now in retrospect—"Never in the field of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few."

Let us go further now to say that not only is it important for us amid these present tensions to keep the higher realm of the Christian faith and spirit intact and luminous for the world to come back to when these mad days are over, it is important that we keep it strong, steady, and operative now while these mad days are on. We need Christ now to pass judgment on our ways and to give guidance to our course.

How obsessing a war is! Nothing else seems to matter except its progress, its appalling incidents, and who wins it. It fills a man's whole horizon, until anything so ideal as the Sermon on the Mount seems an ethereal irrelevance. It is as though in a storm at sea the winds and billows were so turbulent that one could think of nothing else, so that the quiet, intangible world of magnetic powers that plays invisibly upon the compass needle appears feeble and negligible. But, my friends, it is precisely in a great storm at sea that we most need to keep that compass needle true, that we may know whither we are going, and where we are coming out. Great tempests make that higher world of invisible power not less necessary, but more.

During the last World War, when we just had entered the fray, I spoke to a friend of mine in Washington of my concern about a League of Nations, a federation of the world as the only possible substitute for war, organized goodwill as the only ultimate alternative to organized ill will. I recall his answer: "Well," he said, "here in Washington we are not thinking now about anything except how to win this war." So! that was the trouble! For we did win that war and then what?

Many people today say that this war is different, that we must go far back in history to find its counterpart, as, for example, when the Persians attacked Greece. I think that is a good comparison. In the dreadful days when the Persians assailed Greece, not simply two armies met then, but two ways of living, two philosophies of life. It would have been appalling if oriental despotism had swamped that most hopeful culture of the ancient world. But it did not. The Persians did not conquer Greece. Greece won the war, and then what? Then, that higher life of Greece, which played with invisible fingers on the compass needles of its finer souls, was neglected and forgotten, and Greeks fought Greeks in fratricidal strife. It was not Persia that ruined Greece; it was Greece that ruined Greece.

Alas, the wars that have been fought and won with illimitable courage and sacrifice, only to issue in disillusionment and futility! And unless now we keep vivid in our faith the spiritual verities, seeing clearly that Christ still is right, that the ethic of the Sermon on the Mount is unshaken, that only goodwill —organized goodwill—can ever cure ill will, another catastrophe awaits us, whoever wins this war. It makes little difference who wins the war unless Christ wins the peace. Is it not the special function of the Christian church in days like these to keep clear in our devotion this higher world that war obscures? It is not the function of the church of Christ to help win a war. The church that becomes an adjunct of a War Department denies its ministry. The function of the church of Christ is to keep alive and alight this realm of spiritual judgment and guidance, so

that even amid the storm of war we may not lose those faiths and values on which man's hope at last depends.

Put it this way. When you think of Christ today in this warring world, where do you picture him? I cannot picture him in uniform on either side. That does not mean that I am neutral. Most certainly I am not. Sometimes this summer I have thought I lived more in Britain than at home, so keen my sympathies, so deep my apprehensions, so desperate my hopes. But when I think of Christ I see him on a judgment seat, sitting in sorrowful and stern condemnation on this whole warring world—aggressors, defenders, neutrals—who all together by joint guilt and refusal of his ways have involved themselves in a way of life that denies everything he stood for. The major business of a Christian minister is to keep clear the vision of Christ upon that judgment seat, above our strife, standing for a kind of life that we all have denied but to which we must come back if man is to have any hope.

My deep respect goes out to my fellows in the ministry of the British churches. Amid the strain under which they live many of them, pacifists and non-pacifists, are steadfastly keeping Christ upon that judgment seat above the struggle. Here is a statement recently made by a group of British Anglicans, Methodists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Baptists, and Friends, and introduced to us by the Archbishop of York himself.

> God reigns. That is the fundamental truth. From heaven He reigns—creator and upholder of the world. From the Cross He reigns—making defeat itself the stuff of His triumph. From the heart of His people He reigns—extending His rule by the energy of His love constraining them.
>
> Accordingly:—
>
> (i) We recognize in the troubles and anxieties of this time a just doom—the consequence, according to God's laws, of our neglect of His command and defiance of His will.
>
> (ii) We acknowledge Christ as absolute Lord of Life and Saviour from the sin which brings these evils upon the world. We pledge ourselves and call our fellows to penitence for the past and to new loyalty for the future. Especially we confess our acquiescence in social injustice and national jealousies; and we dedicate ourselves to the establishment of economic and international justice and fellowship.
>
> (iii) We declare that in this allegiance to Jesus Christ we are united to all others who acknowledge Him, in a fellowship which is unbroken by any earthly divisions and persists beneath even the wraths of war. In this unity in Christ we have both the hope of peace in this world and the foretaste of eternal life in fellowship with God.

Think of the situation out of which those high, humble, and Christian words have come! That is no ivory tower! Such men have accepted the tension between a war-torn world on one side, and Christ upon the other, and are trying to keep him there upon his judgment seat, arbiter of their ways, chastener of their pride, guide to their courses.

Upon the other side, one of my more bloodthirsty friends in the American ministry, a man who, I fear, would willingly plunge this nation into war now if he could—a thing that I think would be the most colossal tragedy in the history of the Republic—said the other day that he was glad about his militaristic attitude because he could throw himself into it one hundred per cent with no sense of tension. What a dreadful thing to be said of a Christian now—no tension, only one pole in life, this immediate emergency. As for me, I must accept the tension—a world at war on one side, and Christ on the judgment seat upon the other, and I

must keep him there, the condemner of our joint guilt, the chastener of our unrepentant pride, the guide to our only hope.

Finally, we need this higher world of abiding spiritual power and truth that Christ revealed, for our own personal sustenance and strength. Remember what The Epistle to the Hebrews says about Moses: "He endured, as seeing him who is invisible." Well, granite is needed in our characters today. No softness can see this through. We must endure. But how can a man endure if all he sees is this visible, tangible, immediate, shaken, brutal world?

Scholars say that this Epistle to the Hebrews was addressed to the Christians in Rome itself between 80 and 90 A. D. Already the persecutions had begun. When the writer spoke of Moses enduring, "as seeing him who is invisible," he was thinking not so much of Moses as of himself and of the struggling church in Rome. Everywhere in the Epistle one hears the echo of catastrophe and trial. Out of no lotus land, no ivory tower, did this strong letter come. And this was the strength of those first Christians, that they did live not in one world only, but in two, and found in consequence not tension alone, but power, the vision of a world unshaken and unshakable, and so a hope that the author of the letter calls "an anchor of the soul, . . . both sure and steadfast." They could endure.

Certainly, I am grateful that I do not live now in this immediate world alone, for then the deadly whisper would inevitably rise, What's the use? Rather, as I see it, this is one of the great ages of man's history. Terrible it is but still it is one of the great eras of all time. Generations from now our children's children will look back on what we do today. The world that once was broken into separate units, far apart, has now been woven together so that what happens anywhere happens everywhere. There is no isolation. We still are trying to carry over into this new world the method of war that man used in the old world. It is not possible; that way is literally a dead end street. Not less but more the Christian ethic towers up, not only as true but as indispensable. We are "members one of another." If we are to be saved at all, we must be saved together. And behind that necessity stands a power greater than man—the very nature of this universe and its eternal God. Tension there is in that two-world view, but strength also to endure.

Some of us have been in Smyrna in Asia Minor and have visited the amphitheater whose ruins still are there. There Polycarp was martyred, a greatly loved Christian leader who himself knew some of the disciples who had known Jesus. They killed him in the amphitheater, and shortly afterwards the church in Smyrna wrote an account of it in which they dated the martyrdom of Polycarp thus: "Statius Quadratus being proconsul, but Jesus Christ being King for ever." So they lived in two worlds. Fill in the names today as you may choose, but still the truth is there: Statius Quadratus proconsul, Jesus Christ King for ever!

Dr. Fosdick preached the foregoing sermon October 6, 1940.

Prayer

By Harry Emerson Fosdick

ETERNAL Spirit, far above us and yet deep within us, so great that our imagination cannot touch the outskirts of Thy ways, and yet so close that Thou art nearer than we are to ourselves, we worship Thee. From a warring world and the strife and tumult of men's voices, we turn to Thee, our only hope. We have trusted in man and man has failed us. Thou hast given man intellect, and lo! he uses the inventions of his mind for the destruction of his life. Thou hast given him the power of faith, that mighty mover of mountains, and lo! he dedicates his faith to violence that tears us all asunder. Thou hast given him that rare and precious gift of loyalty, and lo! he uses his devotion idolatrously to serve lesser gods that lead us to the pit of hell. Ah, Lord, there is no help in man. We turn to Thee, Who art greater than man, Who canst overmaster man, canst change and transform him, and by Thy punishments close every road to him except Thine own. O God, be God, and let Thy righteousness and power be made manifest in the world!

Especially lift us out of the common ruck and mediocre attitudes of these sorry days. Take us out of the majority and put us into the saving minority. Elevate our faith, steady our courage, keep our hearts clean of hate and pride.

We bring to Thee our deep solicitude for all the peoples of the world. Thou seest how we come into Thy sanctuary, bringing our partisanships, our national loyalties, our deep sympathies; yet here, as we stand before the altar of the one God of all mankind, in Whose hands are all the souls of men, and before the altar of the Christ who died that the whole world might be saved, we pray for all. For all peoples we pray, who did not want this war, who do not want it now, in whose love the home is central, who hunger for goodwill, and desire not to destroy, but to create. Let Thy grace rest upon all of us together, sharing a joint guilt, and suffering a joint punishment that we deserve.

Watch over our nation in these days of trial and difficult decision. Keep the mind of this people wise and its heart steady. In a day when we should be united, how divided we are! Grant that the best elements in our life that have come up out of lovely homes, and good schools, and worthy churches, born of the devotion of true citizens, may rise into the ascendancy.

Come close to us, one by one. Thou all-seeing Spirit, Who alone canst perceive the hidden strains of our souls, the tensions under which we live, the ills of the body, the poverty of our estate, the problems of our families, the temptations that make life difficult, the sorrows that would crush us if they could, help us in bearing these inner burdens of the soul. For how can we help others if we ourselves are not inwardly helped of Thee? How can we have strength for service if we cannot find strength to endure? Come close to every one of us; break up this congregation into its single souls, and shine upon them, Thou Son of Righteousness, that we may be comforted, and empowered. In the spirit of Christ we pray. Amen.

Photograph by Blackstone Studios

DR. CHARLES R. CONKLIN

Dr. Conklin Retires After Forty Years of Aid to New York's Sick Children

THE Riverside Church joins with hosts of friends in New York in felicitating Dr. Conklin upon the achievements which have marked his career of forty years of service on behalf of the children of our city. Retirement, however, is something which neither Dr. Conklin nor the people of our church are thinking of in connection with the genial doctor's place in our fellowship. He will continue to be an active and valued member as he has been for more than forty years. He is one of the pillars on which Riverside Church is depending, buttressed, perhaps we may suggest, by Mrs. Conklin and their two daughters, Ruth and Esther, whose places in our church life are equally well established.

Forty years of service to New York's ailing tenement young is the record of Charles R. Conklin, M.D., who retired in July from active service as head of *The Children's Aid Society's* Medical Department. That is, he has retired officially, but off the record Dr. Conklin states that "actual active retirement is out of the question. How can a parent," he asks, "retire from the responsibility he feels for his own family?" The spirit behind those words was toasted warmly at the dinner which was given to Dr. Conklin at the Advertiser's Club by one hundred and fifty members of the staff of *The Children's Aid Society.*

Dr. Conklin came to the Society in 1900. New York City's mortality rate among children, due to the poor conditions in the teeming old-time slums, was very high—summer complaint was almost epidemic in its proportions. The Mission's work was outstandingly successful that Summer — for Manhattan's death rate was only half of Brooklyn's, which had no widespread, free medical aid for children at that time.

Dr. Conklin's admission to the staff marked the beginning of the development of the modern Medical Department maintained by the Society. Today this Department supervises the health of forty thousand of New York's most underprivileged children.

In 1907 the Doctor was appointed supervisor of the Sick Children's Mission. In the course of the next nine years more and more of the new responsibilities of the growing medical work fell upon his shoulders, and in 1916, Dr. Conklin was appointed Supervisor of the Society's newly formed Medical Department where he has remained until the present.

The Benevolence Committee Reports

HEREWITH are excerpts from a report recently made by the Benevolence Committee to the Board of Deacons. These reports reflect so clearly the situation in our program of benevolences that we want to share them with the readers of THE CHURCH MONTHLY. We are not disposed to say anything more by way of introduction, but to follow the example of so many public speakers, radio announcers, and so forth these days, and simply say, "Quote!"

Supplementing the interim report made to the Board of Deacons on April 3, 1940, the Benevolence Committee submits the following report of its action for the year ending April 30, 1940:

		1938-39 SUBSCRIPTIONS		1939-40 SUBSCRIPTIONS
30% OF UNDIVIDED GIFTS		$31,949.29		$32,099.41
DESIGNATED GIFTS:				
Quota Items:				
Special Offerings	$3,651.04		$6,594.51	
General	9,149.52		7,793.63	
		12,800.56		14,388.14
Total Quota Funds		44,749.85		46,487.55
Extra Quota Items		20,371.35		22,271.70
Non-Quota Items		26,107.59		22,668.50
		91,228.79		91,427.75
BALANCE FROM PRIOR YEAR		4,792.62		.....
		$96,021.41		$91,427.75

It is encouraging to note that there was a slight increase rather than a decrease in the total quota funds. This resulted through the gain in the special offerings taken at Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Year's Eve, and Easter, and would point to the value of making appeals for specific causes at these services, as was done last year to a greater extent than in previous years.

In 1937-38, when no special appeals were made, these offerings amounted only to $1,580.09, as compared to $6,594.51 in 1939-40, a gain of $5,000.

For several years the Benevolence Committee has been trying to effect a more even division of the benevolence funds of the church among Community, National and Foreign services. It has had as its goal 50 per cent for Community Services and 50 per cent for National and Foreign Services. It has been possible to continue the trend in this direction during the last twelve months with even more consistency than was expected in the forecast made in the Committee's report to the Board of Deacons on October 18, 1939. In the following table, the percentages for the three years are compared:

	1937-38	1938-39	1939-40
I. Community	58.4%	56.0%	51.9%
II. National	14.0%	15.0%	14.8%
III. Foreign	27.5%	28.9%	33.3%
IV. Adm. Expense	0.1%	0.1%	0.0%
	100.0%	100.0%	100.0%

In arriving at the 1939-40 percentages, it was necessary to decrease the

(Concluded on page 19)

CHRISTMAS SEALS

Help to Protect Your Home from Tuberculosis

"My Day" in Santo Domingo

Our Benevolence Committee Presents Mr. Barney Morgan

IN THE thought that the members of Riverside Church who give so generously to such a varied type of benevolent projects might be interested in knowing more intimately how their representatives in foreign lands actually spend their days, we have asked Mr. Barney Morgan, Superintendent of the Evangelical Church of Santo Domingo, to send us short personal sketches of his activities, a sort of diary of his day. As you know, this interdenominational project not only has fourteen Protestant churches in various cities in that Republic, but also operates a hospital whose service rates with that of any other hospital in the Republic.

This organization also runs schools, a library, the leading bookstore in the Republic, and a radio broadcasting station. Rather a busy man, Mr. Morgan!

HOLIDAY WEEK-END IN SANTO DOMINGO

This is Pan American Day (Sunday, April 14, 1940). My son, Stanley, and I arose at 4:00 A.M., had a quick breakfast and left for San Juan de la Maguana near the Haitian border, about 125 miles from the Capital. We had a fine trip and arrived four hours later in time for Sunday School.

After Sunday School I consecrated two children, baptized two adults and administered the communion of the Lord's Supper.

From Sunday School I went to the theater for a Pan American Day Program directed by Max Rodriguez, who is in charge of our church there. A Spanish refugee who is teaching psychology in the Normal School at San Juan lectured. His lecture was followed by a pageant of the twenty-one American Nations after which Monsignor Pittini, Archbishop of the Catholic Church, gave a most interesting account of his trip by plane to South America in the interest of the Columbus Memorial Lighthouse.

After lunch Mr. Rodriguez and I called on the latter's father-in-law, an Italian, in whose home the Archbishop was a guest. We had a fine visit. Monsignor Pittini has always been very friendly. When he first came here several years ago as a Salesian priest to establish a boys' school, we were able to give him helpful counsel on the construction and equipment of his school. In the afternoon I met with the church committee to talk over the work of the church. At night I preached on "Does Jesus Satisfy?" Although it was a rainy night we had an excellent audience.

Monday morning was spent at the Normal School visiting classes and talking to the two English classes which Mr. Rodriguez teaches. In the afternoon the church committee met again to finish its business. At night I gave my public lecture in the local theater, entitled "Amistades Mundiales" ("World Fellowship"). My theme dealt with the factors which help to create currents of friendship amongst

peoples and nations. The theater was crowded and included many intellectuals, teachers, lawyers, a judge, and several doctors. Since my lecture was announced as being given under the auspices of the Evangelical Church, their presence indicated that whatever prejudice among the intellectuals there may have been originally against the Evangelicals has largely disappeared.

After the lecture a group of teachers, including the Spaniard who had lectured Sunday, went to the home of Max Rodriguez for ice cream. We had a talk around the table which led to the discussion of some of the sayings of Jesus.

Stanley and I left San Juan at 4:30 A.M., Tuesday, stopped at Azua for a short visit with a friend, and reached home in time for Stanley to go to school at 8:30 A.M. This is commuting!

Tribulations in a "Jalopy"

The speedometer of my 1933 Ford reads almost 100,000 miles, all of which represent travel over Dominican and Haitian roads. Add to this much-used tires, and the sum is uncertainty for a long trip. The result was that I decided to go in a public car, taking with me delegates from the local churches, to the Annual General Assembly in La Romana—about 108 miles away. It was a good-looking car and promised to get us to our destination. All went well until we were about five miles from La Romana when an ominous sound and a corresponding swaying indicated a blowout. The change of a tire is not a difficult task if a good jack is available. Public chauffeurs do not as a rule own their cars but rent them. They expect the owner to provide the necessary tools, but owners throw the responsibility back on the chauffeurs—result, a jack that only half served its purpose. After much tinkering the car was lifted and the spare tire was put in place.

A few miles more and a second blowout. No spare this time, and when the chauffeur was asked if he had materials for mending the inner tube he confessed that he had none. A public chauffeur with responsibility for six passengers for a trip of over one hundred miles and no tools for repairs! But this is the Dominican Republic where responsibility rests lightly. It is good to know this at times. After amusing ourselves throwing rocks at fence posts for lack of something better to do on a little-travelled road, a car finally came. To my surprise the chauffeur called me by name and offered his services to the stranded group. His wife had been treated in our Hospital Internacional and here was his chance to express his gratitude. He took part of the group to La Romana along with a tire to be repaired. About an hour later our original car brought the rest of our crowd in time for dinner before the opening service of the Assembly.

Hospital Needs!

We have never had so much continuous work in the hospital as we have had the last few months. Our patient load got so heavy we had to call for more beds. We have so far secured ten beds and only three mattresses. These we can buy locally for fifteen dollars each if and when funds are made available. Bare bedsprings may be better than the beds some of the people have at home, but they will not do for hospital service.

We have enlarged our women's and children's wards by changing partitions.

(Concluded on page 19)

Hymn for November

Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away:
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while life shall last,
And our eternal home. Amen.

Isaac Watts, the author, was the son of a Nonconformist boarding-house keeper. Isaac was offered an education if he would study for ordination in the Church of England, but he refused. He succeeded in preparing for the ministry, and in 1702 he became pastor of the Independent Church in Mark Lane, London. His health failed and during the last thirty-six years of his life he was a semi-invalid. He wrote a work on logic which was a textbook at Oxford and in 1728 received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Edinburgh. He wrote about six hundred hymns and paraphrases and ranks among the greatest of English hymn writers.

When Jowett, of Balliol, asked a tea party of Oxford dons to put down a short list of the "best hymns," the lists came back with this hymn alone on each.

As a boy, William Croft, the composer, was a chorister in the Chapel Royal. He afterwards became organist at St. Anne's Soho, later organist at the Chapel Royal, and finally organist of Westminster Abbey. He was one of the greatest composers of church music and today is known chiefly for the superb tunes he contributed to hymnody.

The Latchstring

A PRAYER FOR PROTECTION AGAINST AIR RAIDS

Almighty and most merciful God, Who dwellest not in temples made with hands: Be Thou the guardian, we beseech Thee, of our churches and our homes; keep this Thy House in peace and safety; and grant that all who worship here may find their refuge under the shadow of Thy wings, and serve Thee with a quiet mind; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

The above prayer is one of many which are being distributed during these terrible days in St. Paul's Cathedral in London. Our good friend and one-time editor of THE CHURCH MONTHLY, Mr. Charles G. Tubbs, has been resident in London for the past ten years where he is one of the considerable number of American business men who have elected to stay there and share the fate of the City, whatever it may be, with their English colleagues. The letter before us from Mr. Tubbs is dated August 19, 1940, and is a stirring and revealing document. The prayers from St. Paul's Cathedral and from All Soul's Chapel, including the one at the head of this column, tell by their very titles the spirit in which the religious institutions of England are facing the dreadful days that have come to them.

The people are being asked to join St. Paul's Fellowship of Prayer and to try to spend "at least ten minutes in prayer in the Cathedral on one day in the week." Such subjects for prayer as these are suggested:

For Those on Active Service.
For Our Homes and Families.
For the Need of the World.
"The Lord is King, the earth may be glad thereof."
"Seek ye first the reign of God and his righteousness."
"The land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."
"Have not I commanded thee?
Be strong and of good courage."

NATIONAL EDUCATION COUNCIL TO GUIDE CHILDREN'S THEATRE OF NEW YORK

Announcement has been made by Clare Tree Major, founder and director of the Children's Theatre of New York, of the formation of a National Education Council, comprised of leading educators, superintendents of schools and principals who will act in an advisory capacity with respect to the management of Mrs. Major's organization, now entering its seventeenth season in the country-wide presentation of her dramatizations of childhood classics.

Interviewed at her country home in Chappaqua, N. Y., where, each Fall, after months of rehearsing, her six touring companies of professional actors take to the road by car and truck to carry her presentations of such juvenile classics as "Heidi," "Robin Hood," "Alice in Wonderland," and others from coast to coast, playing before audiences totaling upwards of a million and a half children, Mrs. Major said:

"I expect much to be accomplished in the right direction as the result of the

unique national unity, now established, in this advisory council, comprising a distinctive number of the most outstanding people in public school education."

Further information about this project may be secured by writing to Mrs. Clare Tree Major at Chappaqua, New York.

▽

CONTRIBUTED

The following poem by Mattie Hallam Lacy came to us through a friend in California who writes as follows: "Mattie Hallam Lacy . . . is a very dear friend of mine and has been since childhood days. Two years ago she was in New York City and attended summer session at Columbia University. While in the City she attended Riverside Church. The poem expresses some of the enjoyment she experienced. The chimes to her were marvelous and they are to her something to ring sweet changes on memory bells. . . . This poem received an award from The Poetry Society of Texas."

RIVERSIDE CHURCH

The organ console in the nave
Spoke in the tones the great God gave.

The clavier in the tower rang
A tense Amen! The heavens sang!

The Bourdon bell in the carillon
Gave winds His story to wing on!

The symbolled portal, slowly passed
In awe-hushed silence, strangely vast,

I heard the preacher with low-bowed head,
Speak to Him words we would have said;

And I heard read from lectern nook
An old, old letter from the Book;—

And I felt words sink deep, to dwell—
"In flesh, or out—I cannot tell."

But as I passed down wide stone stairs
A strange mood seized me, unawares.

The "seven kings" made steady gaze
Into the ethered, starry ways.

A gargoyle smiled and pointed me
To where a river becomes sea—

Part silvered lights, part somber shades,
Guarded by emerald palisades,

I heard its rolling water-chants,
The liquid psalms no man recants.

Then jubilate swelled my soul!
On one white cloud I read His Scroll!

▽

TWO LETTERS TO "THE CHURCH MONTHLY"

The clerk in charge of THE CHURCH MONTHLY files recently saved out two letters from England in which he thought we would be interested. We were interested, and we think our readers will be also. We are publishing them here because we think of Canon Norton as our friend, and because as a constant reader of the MONTHLY, he belongs to the family of our readers who live in every land and who regularly sit down together with the MONTHLY in hand.

8 Westbury Park,
Durdham Down,
Bristol. 6.
Aug. 20/40

Dear Sir:

Application to my Bank, and other likely sources for Dollar notes, for my subscription to your CHURCH MONTHLY, indicates that circumstances at present existing make it impossible for me to send such notes out of this country.

This I greatly regret, as I always look forward with interest, to the arrival of your magazine to keep one in touch with the matter and method of church work in your country. As I

hope to renew my subscription the moment this inconvenient spot of bother with Hitler is cleaned up—will you, if possible, kindly keep for me the current numbers, so that eventually I may have my set complete.

I am Faithfully,

(S) F. W. NORTON.

Dear Mr. Hunt:

I am indeed most grateful and impressed by the kindly and generous atmosphere of your letter of Sept. 11th just received. Quite apart from the value I set on your Magazine, it is a real tonic, in these dark days, to receive such a symptom of sympathetic kindness from unknown but obviously real friends in your Country. Our City is receiving its full quota of Jerry's bombing, but everything and everybody goes as much as usual. Since London became his chief attraction, we have only had three really serious bombardments, and, wonderful to relate, we had our first undisturbed night since France capitulated, last night! I presume that was not due to any German slowing up, but rather to a welcome foggy drizzly night, but people are just wonderful. Although raids during Church Services are fairly frequent I have not seen one worshipper leave the Church, nor has the service been in any way checked. Several of our churches have been badly hit, but mine, which has continued services, certainly since 1066 A.D., and possibly earlier, still sends up its prayers and praises perhaps even more sincerely that ever before. Please forgive this rather personal note but there was just something in your letter that made me feel I was writing to an intimate friend. I hope the time is not far distant when I shall be able to enclose my "dues." All kind messages and warmest thanks.

Yours very sincerely,

(S) FRED W. NORTON.

THE BENEVOLENCE COMMITTEE REPORTS

(Concluded from page 12)

majority of the contributions under Community Services and to refrain from making any new appropriations under this category. New projects added under the National and Foreign Services were:

NATIONAL SERVICES

National Urban League for Social Service among Negroes, New York City.

The Conference of Southern Mountain Workers, Berea, Kentucky, for the work of the Adult Education Coöperative Project.

FOREIGN SERVICES

Christian Medical Council for Overseas Work, New York City.

Finnish Relief, Inc., New York City.

West China Union University, Chengtu, for relief work among students.

The Committee declined thirteen requests for contributions.

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"MY DAY" IN SANTO DOMINGO

(Concluded from page 15)

We can thus take care of more patients without increasing our nursing staff, but additional equipment for this space is sorely needed.

Your Benevolence Committee hope you have found interesting these glimpses of Santo Domingo and of the work there in which the members of Riverside Church have a part.—F. S. M.

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ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL SAVED AGAIN

(From "News From the Outpost," Oct. 1, 1940)

"Craning out of the window, I saw the strangest sight that I have ever seen. Do you know that sudden top-to-toe glimpse of St. Paul's that you get from Ludgate Circus? The whole vastness of it from steps to ball-and-cross in one glimpse? Well, take that mental picture and see it as if it were not architecture but music, poetry, drama, something going on now but swooping towards its Final Cadence, its Last Line, its Curtain Speech: something that would be over quite soon. . . .

"*Over* . . . that great grey bubble pricked. That proud huge holden ball of Temporal Power, ridden by the Cross of Spiritual Sovereignty, leaning and plunging and crashing, as once the highest spire of Christendom crashed in the Great Fire, while all London groaned 'Paul's.'

" ' *Look,*' we cried, '*There it is.*' There it was. There it still was, as the train moved across the river. Bidding us Good-bye . . . Or so we thought.

"So we thought. But Lieut. Davies and his five men had thought to better purpose. They were *following* that ton of high explosive as it inched through the clay—going after it like ferrets down a burrow . . . after a man-eating tiger. Grubbing, calculating, coldly reasoning out what was practically certain to happen . . . what must not be allowed to happen.

"I saw their work. No, I didn't see *them* at work: I saw (if I'd only known it) that enormous dome being heaved up and held in place by six human lives, twelve human hands. Now let the sky fall; let the Lord's will be done to me. All will be well in the end."